

"about way, and are always remarkably slow in their motions?"

Our hero listened to his fellow-traveller, as he was too much disposed to do, and took one of the paths at a hazard, without considering whether it would lead him. But it was not long before he became sorry for his resolution; for after having passed many a craggy path, he found himself entangled in a wood full of thorns and briars, through which it was with the utmost difficulty that he made his way.

What

What added to his trouble was that it was now night-fall; the sun was set, and darkness soon added to the horror of the place.

He now missed *Passion*, and regretted that he had so soon quitted the company of *Reason*, who might have contributed to help him out of his difficulty; but how to return he knew not; he was therefore resolved to go on, and was just spent with fatigue, when he saw a glimmering light, which he made up to, and having got out of the

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